

SWEDISH EROTICA

A FILM REVIEW MAGAZINE

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PARENTAL

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SALE TO MINORS
PROHIBITED

T.M.

featuring
**Lisa
DeLeeuw**



3 HOT ONES!

FILM #376: THE DELIVERY BOY
 FILM #411: Oozing CLIMAX
 FILM #416: SWEDISH EROTICA TURN-ON

NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT!

Everyone wants to get into our act. Latest word from the morality front is that our type of motion picture, the ones we watch and review, are sneaking into subscription television and a very few, very vocal people are objecting. They had their way keeping us out of the public airways and now they're trying to stop private subscribers from watching their favorite fuck films on a pay-as-you-watch basis. Hopefully, they'll find pay TV a far tougher steak to chomp on, a more difficult stew to digest.

Obviously, the public wants sexually explicit movies. Dad comes home from a hard day at the office and he doesn't want the latest TV soap opera, in which the characters

merely hint about the things they have done with each other. He wants to watch them in action, cocks, cunts and all. The same goes for dear old mom, who's been burning inside for years over the thrills she's been told about but never seen.

And so the race is on to find feature length flicks with plenty of sexual variety to stimulate both genders and maybe a bit of a story line to hold the viewer's interest while the characters rest between encounters. Which means, of course, that the level of fuck films produced has to improve from the already splended products we're seeing. So let the sexually frustrated moralists rant. We'll continue giving them plenty of fine fuck films to drool over. •

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JANUARY 1983



FILM #376 THE DELIVERY BOY



FILM #411 DING DING CLIMAX



FILM #416 SWEDISH EROTICA TURN ON



FILM# 376: THE DELIVERY BOY



Tony had been on the job for six weeks and had decided that delivering grocery orders was nothing but a jerk job. He'd been ripped off. Lenny had told him about the great tips and the juicy housewives who would wear his cock out. With their husbands away all day at their jobs they would be aching for a crack at a prime young stud with a heavy cock, a young man

who could deliver what their fat and balding husbands had long since lost the power to give. And so he had paid Lenny one hundred dollars to quit the delivery job and recommend Tony as his replacement. Since then it had been minimum wage and an occasional small tip. The only offer of a fuck he'd had was from a gay gas pump jockey who'd fueled his delivery van. The housewives were all





anxious to get him out of their homes as swiftly as possible. This was going to be his last day, Tony had decided. He'd collect his paycheck, find Lenny and punch him out and then split the scene. One more delivery and that would be it.

Magda wasn't exactly a housewife. She was living with a man but the stud was a good deal less than stud-like in sexual capacity and a good deal more important than the average husband. Even after six months she wasn't certain of which rackets he was into, but she did know that he had money to burn and was burning it on her. That alone was enough to earn her loyalty — or had been until the night before. She'd spent two solid hours working Bart's cock with lips and tongue and teeth and fingers, assisted by a vibrator and various ointments and she still hadn't gotten his cock up. Finally, when her belly was aching from sexual frustration and her cunt dripping moisture in anticipation, he'd shoved her away, rolled over onto his belly and gone to sleep. She'd rubbed herself off in the bathroom afterward, but it wasn't good enough. Money or no, she was going to have to find a cock to satisfy herself with and it was going to be soon. Where-the-fuck was that damned delivery boy with the groceries? Bart had a party planned for that night and he would be angry indeed if the arrangements were not perfect.

Tony was too disgusted to notice the expression of hungry speculation that flashed across Magda's face the moment her gaze struck his muscular body. All he could think of was that this would be his last disinterested housewife, his last dime tip.







When Magda asked if he'd like a beer he said that he was a bit thirsty. A beer was worth more than a dime. When her dressing gown flashed open as she handed it to him his pulse jumped as he observed that her nipples were flushed and hard. When her thighs parted as she sat across from him and her cunt hair glistened damply he knew that his run of bad luck had finally broken. He didn't even bother to finish the beer.

Magda lavished on Tony's cock all the expertise she had extended to Bart the night before, but with far more spectacular results. His cock was gorgeously big and hard at the first touch of her cunning fingers. It swelled perceptibly at the first touch of her tongue. It pulsed mightily as her lips flowed around it and she almost choked on the unexpected rush of cum. For a moment







she feared that the boy had shot his wad — Bart was good for only one ejaculation on the rare occasions when he could get it up at all — then her confidence returned as his cock, after dwindling for a brief moment, swelled again in an even greater erection. This was a young man and she had merely drawn his fire with her blow job. The second time around he would be able to go for a long, long time.

Sometimes it was difficult to get young men to go down on a woman, Magda knew, but Tony proved an exception. He was avid for





her mouth lapping skin like a kitten after a book of warm milk. While he lappped her his hands caressed her ass and one finger stole between her sexwedges to find her ass hole, probe a shadowy while he looked her in. Maggio came at least half a dozen times before his top one gave out and he pulled his dripping face from between her thighs. There was a silly grin on Trago's face and his eyes were tight with passion. His cock hurt like a short thick flagpole and Maggio knew that he would be back to burn him again but this time with a sex drive so strong it would burn him to a crisp golden







Tony did the running up and down, or rather the pushing in and out as he fucked her from behind while she crouched moaning on the sofa. She was aware of nothing but raw animal power taking her, filling her with cock as she had not been filled since Bart had taken her in. Tony seemed able to fuck forever and with each thrust her entire body quivered. She had long since lost track of the number of times she'd come and numbers didn't matter any more. With each thrust her own body slammed back against him, driving his cock as deep as possible. Another half inch and he would rupture her, his cock was so hard and long and his thrusts so powerful. If she could get



laid like this every day, life with Bart would be complete.

There was a soft smile on Tony's face when he finally left the apartment. He had a grocery order for the next

day and a twenty dollar tip. And there was going to be a lot more such orders and tips, Magda had made that clear. Some day he'd have to hunt up Larry and thank him personally. ●



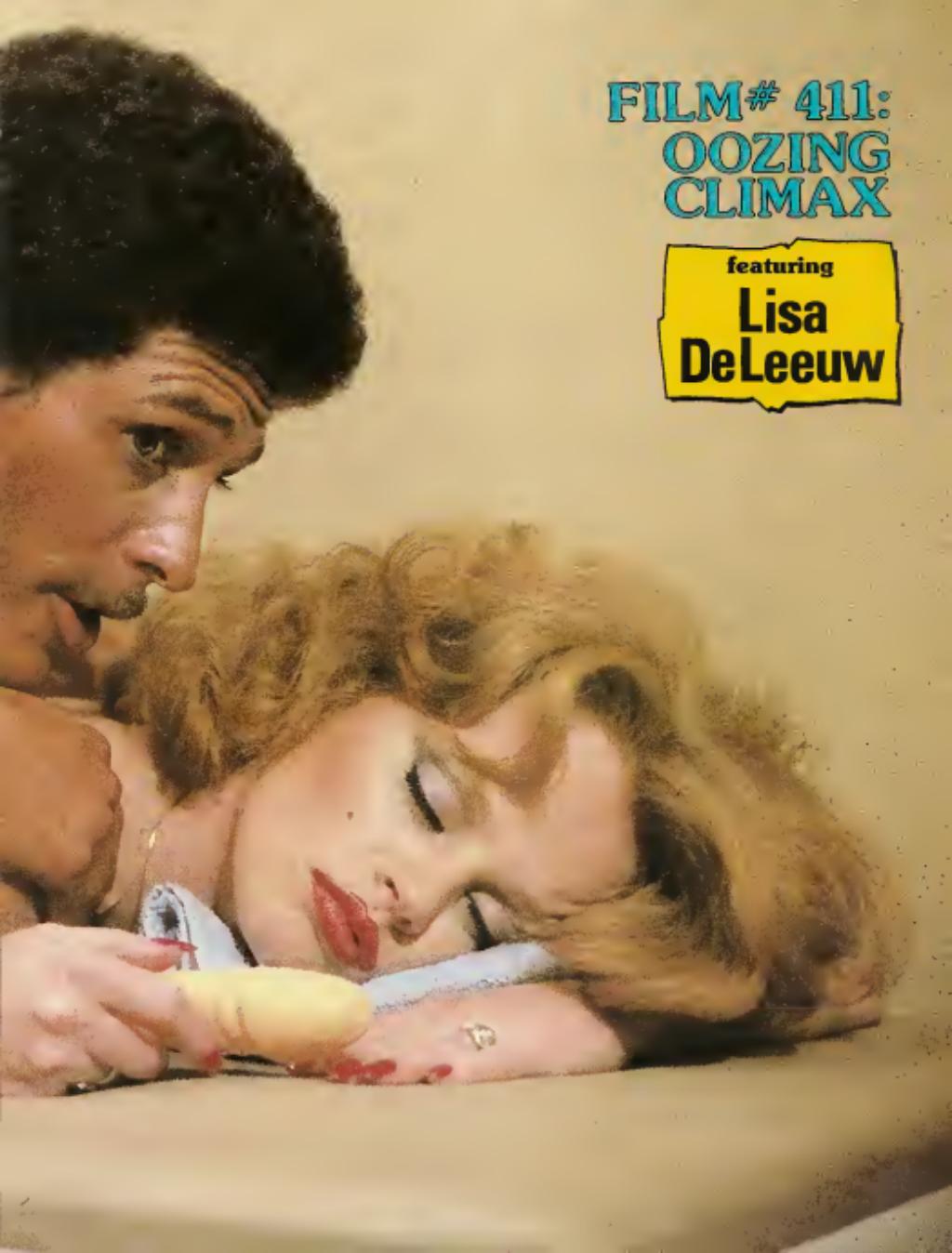


Lovely Lisa is into contrast. Her music library is filled with recordings of violin, drum duettes, of coloraturas singing the blues. The paintings on her apartment walls scream in anguished bursts of clashing colors. The men who share her bed and feast on her pale body are invariably some shade of brown.



She prefers them verging on a bluish black, but her principals can be compromised considerably if the stud is hung like a horse and eats pussy with rapture filled delight. Which is why Billy, well creamed coffee in shade, could steal her heart with his eleven inches of rock hard man muscle and his exceedingly agile tongue. And how



A close-up photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate pose. The man, on the left, has dark hair and is looking down at the woman. He is shirtless and wearing a gold chain necklace. The woman, on the right, has long, wavy, light-colored hair and is wearing a black top. She is looking up at the man. They are both wearing red nail polish. The background is a plain, light color.

FILM # 411:
OOZING
CLIMAX

featuring

**Lisa
DeLeeuw**





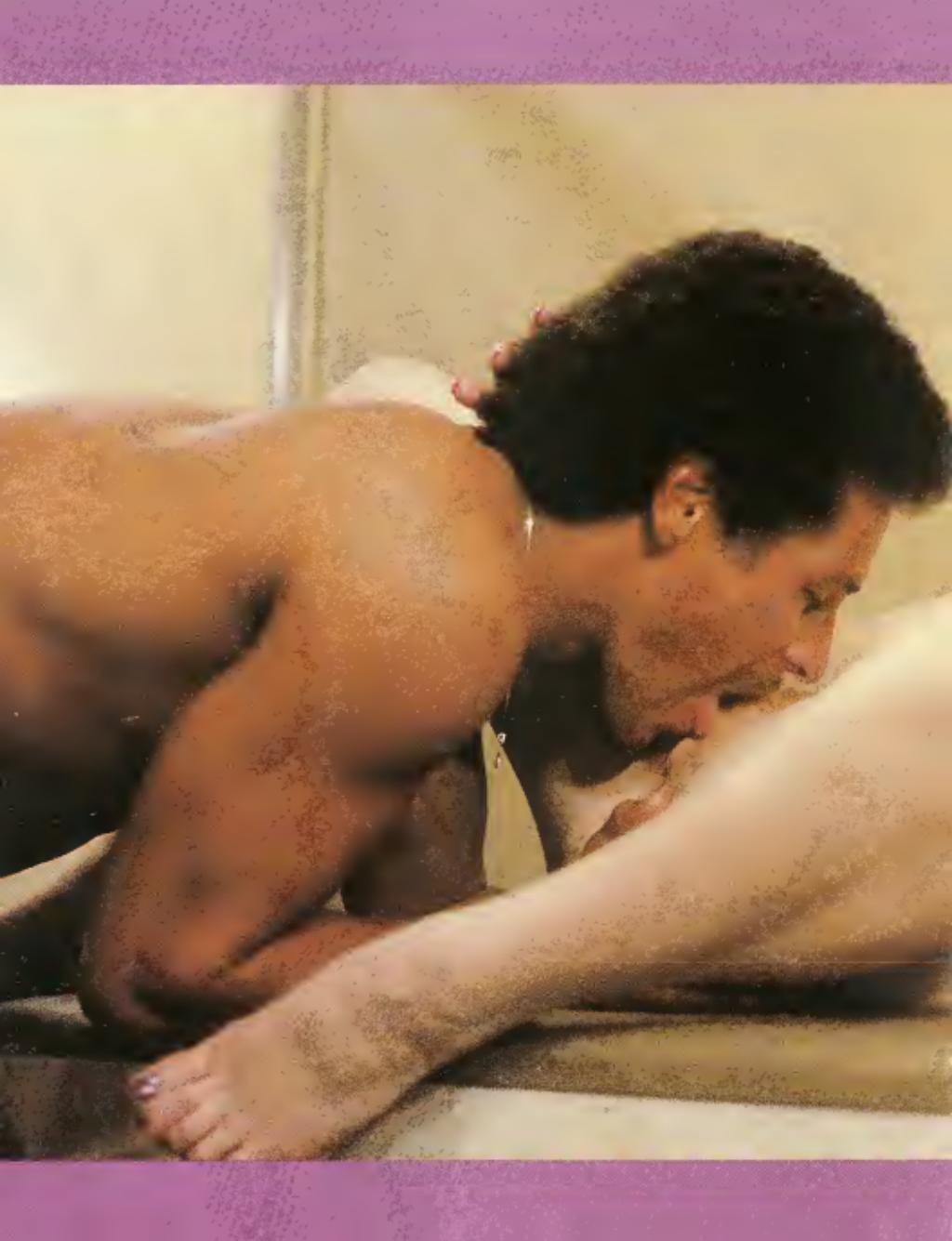
did she find this paragon of fucking? She tracked him down in a straight massage parlor catering to men in need of genuine massages.

Billy had learned his trade in Sweden, where two years of intensive study had gained him a certification of expertise in the Swedish massage technique. Now he earned his bread giving massages to overage wealthy businessmen in a very exclusive club located in downtown Los Angeles. Which is why he was somewhat surprised at the slim and youthful stud who entered his massage room fully dressed and with hat pulled low to hide his face. It wasn't until the young stud began to strip, revealing juicy jugs and no cock that Billy realized that some prime entertainment had tracked him down.



Lisa had heard about the muscular and dark young massage artist through a friend of a friend and thought up this scam as a means of introduction.

Billy's hands began to investigate her intimately even as he was struggling out of his clothes. He had one finger up her snatch and another up her ass while simultaneously trying to suck both



the bits of skin. This was quite be done, but Lisa was willing to give Edie 'A' for effort. She hadn't been swarmed over so swiftly by a new stud for ages and she was really digging the way he dug into her. True, he was a good deal lighter than she preferred, but that horse swinging and rising between his legs would compensate for a great deal of pigment shortfall. When it reached maximum expansion she decided that it would have been even had it been as pale as her own hide.

Much as she loved the look of Billy probing her, Lisa had a set plan of attack and she hated to deviate from it. Stage one required that lovely doing in her mouth, where it could do both of them some good. Once his idea was gotten across to Billy he was more than willing to accommodate her.







When juicy young women volunteered to suck on his pride and joy, who was he to stand between them and their desires? That would be cruel, and Billy loved being kind to deprived young women. When he couldn't have them deprived he would take them depraved and he was beginning to suspect that Lisa might be both.



He certainly knew that she was talented when she managed to cram two thirds of his cock into her mouth without gagging and perform a dance on its tip with her tonsils. The way she shuddered with satisfaction when he fired a load off convinced him that here indeed was a woman who appreciated a man with extra capabilities. Not a drop leaked from between her lips. She had swallowed all of it.

One good turn always deserves its counterpart and Billy was no slouch at returning oral sex favors. He had Lisa on her back, legs spread wide, in seconds. A few more seconds and he was sampling the sweetness of her cunt. Either Lisa doused with apricot juice or she was the ninth wonder of the world. And was it actually effervescent? Like champagne? If so, he'd found the wonder cunt of the age, something to be treasured and protected.





How does a man protect a cunt so precious, so rare that it tastes like apricots and champagne? He fills it with a protective substance that will keep out damaging elements. He fills it with cock. His own. He makes certain that every internal inch of that precious cunt comes into contact with his protective cock, makes its intimate acquaintance. And he keeps

it up until he's certain that the intimacy is well established. Then, just for good measure, he does it some more, finally applying his own special brand of internal lubrication.

It took Lisa a good half hour to revive Billy from his effort on her behalf. If he'd been an ordinary stud she'd have dressed, sneaked out and never seen him again,

but Billy had proved to be something special. She wanted another shot at him and, maybe, she'd collect him as a semi-permanent addition to her personal entertainment force. Anyhow, it took considerable and liberal application of her tongue to his cock, balls and sundry other places before his cock once more rose to the occasion.



Tim's come but took her from behind, with her ass raised high and his feet firmly planted on the massage table, straddling her supine figure. From this position he could drop straight down into her, like a wildcat drilling for oil. He didn't get oil from her, of course, but what he got was far more precious at that specific moment.

Lisa oozed pleasure at every orifice. Her moans stammered through the room, and rich juice bubbled and bubbled from her cunt. She writhed, always pushing herself up on Tim's hard, thick cock. That was good, as far as Tim was concerned. Lisa was the pinkest piece of ass he could remember having and if he had his way he would get plenty more of her frequently. ●









FILM # 416: SWEDISH EROTICA TURN-ON

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ver since she moved into the apartment, six weeks earlier, Monique had been developing an appetite for one of the single young studs living in the building. Her first sight of Eric's ass tightly encased in his designer jeans had tightened her tits, hardened her nipples and started a slow, strong pulse tickling somewhere in the vicinity of her cunt. When he turned and her eyes locked on the bulge at his crotch she began to salivate. He was uninterested in sex at that moment and obviously soft, but even in that condition his bulk was huge and her mind went wild imagining what his cock would feel like growing to full hardness within the confines of her mouth. She did not at that moment know his name, whether he was single or married or otherwise engaged. For all she knew he might have preferred men. But her glands knew that he had a cock meant for sucking and that one way or another it was going to wind up in her mouth.

Getting Eric's cock (she learned his name by the simple expedient of asking the building superintendent) proved a good deal more difficult than Monique had expected. She was accustomed to having strange

men drool at the sight of her luscious body and perfect face and she could not understand why Eric didn't even seem to see her as they passed in the hallway — even when she timed it perfectly so that she was silhouetted against the light of her sheerest gown with nothing on beneath it.

After that ploy failed Monique began to suspect that perhaps Eric really was gay, but she determined to attempt one more method. There was a trick she had used before to turn on reluctant men. All it required was a certain video tape and the use of her trusty video set.

It was a loose plug. He could see that as he crouched before the machine. Indeed, the looseness of that plug was so obvious that he could not understand how she could not have noticed it herself.

"There. That should do it," he said as he shoved it in. "Now that you're here, perhaps you'd like to watch the show with me," Monique said. "And maybe you would like a drink while you're watching. Brandy? Champagne? Scotch? You can have anything you like. No!

Don't go. sit here beside me and watch the show."

Eric could feel heat radiating from him toward Monique as he sat there. Now was the time to ask her for a date. Then the images beginning to flicker on the screen caught his eyes and held them. Was he really seeing what he thought he was see-



ing? Were those people on the screen really eating cunt and sucking cock and fucking like rabbits? Was that really Monique's hand on his thigh? His crotch? Were those really Monique's fingers unzipping his pants, easing them down around his hips, gently bringing his cock out into the light?

Now, incredibly, Monique's lovely lips were lowering toward his cock,









parting. Her tongue was flicking lightly as a butterfly's wings at the tip of his cock while her fingers stroked his shaft.

Her lips were parting and her mouth was lowering still further. Her mouth was closing around his cock and she was taking him in, deeper and deeper, swallowing half of his cock length while her tongue massaged his shaft. He was erupting, totally out of control, cum spouting volcanically, almost passing out from the incredible pleasure of it.



Monique had expected him to come like that. She knew that any man would the first time she sucked him off under such circumstances and it was nothing to blame him for. His cum had been delicious and there had been an enormous quantity of it. But there was bound to be more where it had come from and the afternoon was young.

Swiftly, while Eric rested, Monique stripped. In a few minutes he would be ready again and this time it would be far better — and much slower. Another blow job, but this time with his full cooperation and his hands exploring her body. She was going to treat him to the finest sexual afternoon of his life and Monique knew that she could do it. Her own greatest pleasures would come afterward.



She would have him eat her, but first, before getting to her cunt with his mouth, he was going to take her "around the world." He was going to lick every inch of her skin, delve his tongue into every crack and crevice. Then, finally, he was going to fuck her. His cock was going to fill her cunt completely as she held him locked in her arms and between her thighs. Oh, Eric, the things you're going to do to me, she thought. Then, once again, she lowered her mouth toward his cock. ●



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

4 SEX HITS!

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